

T H E
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF
TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES,
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED
to engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,
and inculcate VIRTUE, in
THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY
The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,
from the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

V O L. XI.

L O N D O N:

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LOVE QUARREL.

THE little George, an orphan, had been brought up from his infancy by Lady Alfred, who, together with Lord Alfred, were retir'd from London, and resided in a little village. To remark the tenderness with which they treated him, a stranger in the family would have imagin'd he was really their son, This worthy couple

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had but one child left them, and that one a girl, named Henrietta, who was nearly of an age with George: and Lady Alfred had the satisfaction to behold a more than common fondness reign in both the children for each other.

One delightful morning, tow'rs the end of August, George and Henrietta, with their little friend Elizabeth, whose parents liv'd that summer in the neighbourhood, were out a sauntering in the orchard. The two little girls, of which, the youngest, (namely Henrietta), was not yet quite eight years old, were arm in arm; and walking with that lovely negligence, and those unstudied graces so peculiar to a state of childhood, they hummed

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over a delightful Roundelay, then fashionable in the mouth of every songster in the village, while the little George preceded them at leisure, piping on an English flute, to harmonize their discords.

What a series of delightful gambols entertain'd them in the orchard ! but at last, our Henrietta and Elizabeth both cast a longing look upon the fruit-trees round about them. In particular, an apple-tree attracted their attention. All the apples had been gather'd several days before ; but still, a few that had been overlook'd were here and there discover'd hanging ; and the deep vermillion they were ting'd with, which the leaves

6 *A LOVE QUARREL.*

could not entirely hide, invited as it were, the hand to come and take them. George sprung forward, climb'd the tree they were admiring, and threw down as many apples as his hand could get at, while the children held their aprons open to receive them.

Chance so order'd it, that two or three of what were thought the finest, fell into Elizabeth's, who piqu'd herself upon this accidental distribution, as she might have done with reason, had it been a pre-determin'd preference, since George was in reality the prettiest and politest fellow in the place.

Elizabeth with joy and triumph in her eyes, that look'd like insult, thus address'd herself to Henrietta

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A LOVE QUARREL. 7

Do but see how fine and large my apples are, while your's are hardly half so handsome! Henrietta, at these words, hung down her head, and putting on a serious countenance, kept silence during the remainder of their walk. It was in vain George studied by a hundred assiduities to bring the little maiden back to reason, spread a smile again upon her clouded countenance, and make those lips pronounce a syllable, whose prate till then had been so pretty.

Not long after this, Elizabeth took leave when they had got upon the terrace, and were then near home. Before they enter'd, George address'd his sister, as he always call'd her, asking why she seem'd so angry with

him? Certainly, you cannot be offend-
ed, were his words, that Betsy had her
share of apples? You well knew I've
always lov'd you most, and would have
shown I did so in the tree, by throwing
you the finest apples; but I know not
how it chanc'd, my dear, they fell
into Miss Betsy's apron. Could I
take them from her? Ask yourself
that question. And besides, I thought
you far more generous than to take
offence at 'such a trifle! You shall
see, the very first occasion that pre-
sents itself of showing you my real
sentiments, it was not my design to
vex you.

Hey dey, Mr. George! said Hen-
rietta, and who told you I was vex'd

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A LOVE QUARREL. 9

Suppose Miss Betsy's apples had been even ten times finer than what I had, is that any thing to me? I am no glutton, and you know that very well, sir; neither should I in the least have minded it, but for the saucy little creature's looks. I'll not endure them; that I won't; and as for you, fall down upon your knees this instant, or I'll never, while I live, forgive you.

O, I can't do that by any means, said George; and as he spoke bent half his body backwards; as by doing so, I should confess a fault, with which you should not charge me. I'm no story-teller, and must say 'tis wrong in you, Miss Henrietta, if you

10 *A LOVE QUARREL.*

won't believe I did not mean to vex you.

Very wrong in me! replied the other, very wrong in me! what's that you say, sir? but you need not thus affront me, and for no one reason, but because Miss Betsy's in your favour; and so saying, and bestowing a contemptuous curtsy on him, as she look'd another way the while, she scornfully went in.

As dinner now was ready, they sat down; but pouted at each other all the time it lasted. Henrietta did not drink even once, because she must have said, *Your good health, George.* And George, on his part, was so piqued at her injustice, that he also thought he would preserve his dignity.

A LOVE QUARREL. II

And yet, the little lady every now and then would slyly steal a glance at George, and from a corner of her eye, consider all his motions. As it happen'd, one of these sly glances met with one of George's, who was no less slyly studying Henrietta's motions. Being thus surpris'd, she turn'd that moment towards another object; and as George attributed this action to disdain, tho' in reality it was not, he affected great indifference, and went on eating, just as if he did not care a farthing for her.

When the dinner things were done with, and the wine and fruit brought in, unluckily poor Henrietta, mortified at George's whole behaviour as

12 *A LOVE QUARREL.*

She was, replied a little disrespectfully to her Mama, who for the second time had put some question to her, and was order'd instantly from table. She obey'd, and bursting out into a flood of tears, withdrew, as if she knew not whither she was going. As the door was open that conducted to the garden, she pass'd out that way, and as it were by instinct went to hide her sorrow in an arbour at the bottom of it. There, while she burst out again into a flood of tears, and sigh'd most lamentably, she repented of the quarrel she had pick'd with George, who always us'd, upon such sad occasions, to alleviate her distress by weeping with her.

George, remaining at the table,

A LOVE QUARREL. 13

could not think of Henrietta in disgrace, and not feel greatly for her situation.

They had hardly let him take two peaches, but he set about contriving some sly means or other of conveying them into his pocket for poor Henrietta, whom he afterwards design'd to visit in the garden, upon some pretence or other which he did not doubt but he should think of ; and yet greatly apprehended, his intention would be seen thro'. He push'd back his chair, and after brought it forward, more than twenty times, and was continually looking down for something on the carpet. Pretty little Brisk ! sweet Racket ! of a sudden he began, allud-

14 *A LOVE QUARREL.*

ing to two dogs in the apartment; and had got a peach he meant to slip into his pocket, if he could but fix my Lord and Lady's observation upon something at a distance from him: see Papa, Mama, how prettily they're playing! do but turn about; they'll make you die a laughing!

O, replied my Lord, they'll not eat one another; that I'll answer for; and having just glanc'd at them, put himself so soon into his first position, that poor George, who thought he then was sure of pocketing the peach, was disconcerted, and oblig'd to put it down again upon the table.

Lady Alfred had observ'd him, and conjectured his intention; there-

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A LOVE QUARREL. 15

fore, having for a while enjoy'd the little boy's embarrassment, she made his Lordship privy to the affair, as well as she was able ; and in dumb show bade him turn his head on one side ; which he did accordingly, but could not hide a smile, that notwithstanding all his gravity escap'd him.

But our George, who thought himself as yet quite undiscover'd, but was fearful this device again repeated might betray him, instantly resorted to another stratagem. He took one peach, and plac'd it in the hollow of his hands put both together, after which he bore it to his mouth, and made believe as if he really was

16 *A LOVE QUARREL.*

eating, by an imitation of the noise and motion people make when they are chewing. Then, while with his left hand he had luckily found means to clap his peach into a cavity he had before-hand hollow'd in the napkin on his knees, he put his right hand out to take the other, which he serv'd exactly like the former.

Some few minutes now had pass'd, and as it chanc'd, my Lord and Lady utterly forgot their little George, and were conversing with each other in their usual manner; so that George, supposing this a proper opportunity to get away, rose up from table, with both peaches in the napkin, and began to imitate the mewing of a cat, as lately a young shepherd boy

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A LOVE QUARREL. 17

had taught him; and his view in this was to engage the attention both of Brisk and Racket, which he did, and put them into motion. Lady Alfred, somewhat angry at these mewings, interrupted him. What now! said she, and added, Well but George, if our discourse displeases you, I fancy you may go and mew a little in the garden. George put on a feign'd embarrassment at this reproof, which was another thing he wanted, and that instant running up to Brisk, and at the same time saying, See Mama, she wants to bite poor Racket, as he turn'd he dextrously whipp'd the napkin all at once into his pocket, and pretended running after Brisk to

18 *A LOVE QUARREL.*

punish her. Brisk scamper'd towards the door that Henrietta had left open, when she went into the garden, and away went Master George pursuing her.

George! George! said Lady Alfred, where, pray, are you going? George stopp'd short, My dear Mama, said he, I'll take a turn if you think proper in the garden. Won't you let me? I am sure you'll give me leave; but after, as her Ladyship return'd no answer, he then fell his voice, and in a suppliant manner, added, Pray, my dear Mama, do let me. You shall see how I'll behave myself. In that case answer'd she, then I *do* let you. Go.

A LOVE QUARREL. 19

What words will represent the greatness of his joy! he was so happy, that his foot, while running, slipped from under him. By great good luck, the peaches were not damag'd in the fall. He got up instantly again, and ran to seek his sister in each nook and corner of the garden.

George was got by this time to the labour, where he saw poor Henrietta wonderfully chang'd, and in an attitude of sorrow and repentance. She was now exceedingly unhappy. She had griev'd the three best friends she had; her worthy parents, and her own dear George.

My sweetest Henrietta, George began, and fell down on his knees before her; Let's be friends: I'd

20 *A LOVE QUARREL.*

freely ask forgiveness for my fault, if I had really intended to displease you. Yet, if you will ask my pardon, I will ask your's also. Will you? Pardon, pardon, Henrietta; let's again be friends. Here, here are two nice peaches: I could no how eat them, seeing you were not to have your portion.

Ah, my dearest George! said Henrietta, squeezing, while she spoke his hand, and weeping on his shoulder, What a sweet good temper'd little fellow I have always found you! Certainly, continued she and sobb'd while speaking, certainly a friend in one's misfortunes is a real friend indeed. But I'll not take your peaches. 'Twould have been a pitiful behaviour in me, could I have

A LOVE QUARREL. 21

been vex'd this morning for the loss
of half-a-dozen apples. You don't
think I was, George, do you? No,
it was the insulting look, that pert
Miss Betsy view'd me with; but
I'll not think about her now. Will
you forgive me? added she: and
with her handkerchief, wip'd off
the tears she had let fall on George's
hand. I know I sometimes love to
plague you; but keep now your
peaches, I'll not eat them.

Well then, sister, answer'd George,
as often as the fancy comes into your
head, e'en plague me just as long as
you think proper. Yet I'll never
let another do so. Do you under-
stand me? But respecting these two
peaches, I can't eat them. I have

22 *A LOVE QUARREL.*

told you so already ; and was never guilty of a story.

No, nor I, said Henrietta, and the moment flung them both away into the public road. I can't endure the thoughts of having made a quarrel up for interested reasons.—But now, we are close friends again, how happy would it make me, if I could but get Mama's permission to appear and ask her pardon !

O, I'll fly and get it for you, answered George ; and hardly had pronounced the words, when he was gone a good way from the arbour. I'll inform Mama, continu'd he, 'twas that made you anger her, by having vex'd you in the morning.

A LOVE QUARREL. 23

He succeeded sooner than he thought
he should have done.—Indeed, what
errors would not any reasonable wo-
man overlook in favour of a friendship
so affectionate, and generous !

T H E

S U N a n d M O O N .

W H A T a charming evening
Come, Hilario, said a certain Mr
Manning to his little boy ; the Sun
just ready to go down. How glorious
he appears ! We may behold him
now. He does not dazzle us as much
at present as he did at noon, when
he was up so very high. How beau

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The SUN and MOON. 25

tiful the clouds too, round about him, seem! They're of a purple, gold and scarlet colour! but behold, how swiftly he descends! Already only half his orb is visible. And now he's wholly vanish'd. Farewell, Sun; you have now left us, till to-morrow morning.

Look, Hilario, towards that quarter of the heavens just opposite to where the sun descended. What may that be, shining so behind the trees? A fire? No, nothing like it, but the moon. How large and red it is! One would suppose 'twere full of blood! This evening, 'tis quite round, or as they say, full-moon. 'Twill not be quite so round to-mor-

26 *The SUN and MOON.*

row evening; less so the next evening; less the evening after; and so on, decreasing something every evening, till at last, 'twill be in some sort like a wire bent round, into a semicircle, when a fortnight's gone.

It will be then new moon, when you will see it in the afternoon. From day to day you will observe it, afterward grow bigger, and seem rounder, till in fourteen days, 'twill be again full-moon, and rise as now it does, behind the trees.

But pray, Papa, inform me, how do both the Sun and Moon, preserve their situations, unsupported in the air? I always fear, they cannot but fall down upon my head.

The SUN and MOON. 27

Fear nothing, dear Hilario: there's no danger. I'll explain the reason why, when you can understand the matter; so at present, only listen while I mention how the sun and moon address you.

To begin then with the sun: he says as follows, I am King of day. I rise, or make my first appearance in the East; and what they call Aurora, or the dawn, precedes me, that mankind may know of my approach. I tap soon after at your window with a golden beam of light, to warn you of my presence. Rise, I say, rise Lazy-boots, I never shine, that men may lie a-bed and snore. I shine that

28 *The SUN and MOON.*

they may wake, get up, and go to work.

I am the mighty traveller ; and I run, rejoicing like a giant, quite across the heavens, without ever stopping ; for at no time am I weary.

I have got a crown of glorious radiance on my head. I shed this radiance round about me, to a vast extent ; and even over half the universe. Where-ever I am present, every thing is beautiful and bright.

I give too heat, as well as light. 'Tis I that ripen with my beams the fruit in gardens, and the corn that grows in fields. If I should cease a moment to assist the course of nature, nothing then could grow, and

The SUN and MOON. 29

famish'd men would die, in that case, of despair, in all the horrors of that darkness you yourself are so afraid of.

I am higher than the hills and clouds. I should but need come down a little tow'rds the earth, and my devouring flame would burn it up, as soon as you have seen the straw consum'd which, men in bundles toss into a furnace.

What a length of time has passed, since first I gladden'd the whole universe! Hilario, you were hardly in the world six years ago; but I was. I was in it when your dear Papa was born, and many thousand years before; and I'm not yet grown old.

30 *The SUN and MOON.*

At times I lay aside my crown of radiance, and surround my head with silver clouds. 'Tis not so difficult to view me then ; but when I dissipate those clouds about me, and burst forth in all my noon-day splendor, you could never bear the blaze : should you attempt to bear it, I should blind you. There is but one living creature can look at me, and that living creature is the eagle, whom the birds confess their monarch. He can contemplate my glory with a steady eye, wide open while he views me.

This same eagle darting from the summit of some elevated mountain, shapes his progress towards me, with a towering wing ; and soon is lost

The SUN and MOON. 31

amid my beams, thro' which he darts
to pay me homage every minute of
the day. The lark, suspended in the
air, a great deal lower, sings while I
am rising, his best song ; and wakes
the other birds, that slumber in ten
thousand trees. The cock remaining
on the ground, proclaims the time of
my return to mortals, with a piercing
voice. But on the other hand, the
bat and owl avoid my presence : they
fly from me with a plaintive cry, and
hasten to take refuge in the ruins of
those towers I once saw proudly rising,
domineering afterward for many ages,
over spacious countries, and then
sinking with the burthen of old age.

My empire is not limited like that of earthly monarchs, to a corner of the world. The universe at large is my dominion ; and besides, I am the most illustrious object that was ever gaz'd at.

But the moon says, in the next place, with a voice not half so much exalted, as the Sun's, I am the Queen of night. I send my silver beams to give you light, as often as the Sun withdraws, at evening, from the world.

You may keep looking at me, without danger ; for I'm never so resplendent as to dazzle the spectator ; much less, do I burn. I'm so good-natur'd, that I let poor glow-worms blaze

The SUN and MOON. 33

among the hedges, which the Sun,
unpitying as he is, will not.

The Stars shine round about me;
but myself am far more lumi-
nous than any star: nay, all the stars
together give not so much light as I
do; and I seem among their multi-
tude, as if I were a fair round pearl,
surrounded by ten thousand little
diamonds.

When you lie asleep, I dart a beam
of silver brightness thro' your cur-
tains; and my words are, Sleep on,
little friend, in safety. You are tir'd.
I won't disturb your slumber.

You have heard the nightingale.
She sings for me, who sings much bet-
ter than all other birds. She perches

34 *The SUN and MOON.*

on a spray, and fills the forest
with her music, no less sweet and
gentle, than my brightness; while
the dew descends on every flower, and
all is calm and silent in my empire,

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T H E

FRANK CONFESSIÖN.

HENRY and Geneura, one day
got permission from their dear Mama,
to take a turn or two about the gar-
den, by themselves : they had deserv-
ed this confidence plac'd in them,
by their past discretion.

They amus'd themselves, by play-
ing for a time together, with that

36 *The FRANK CONFESSION.*

decent gaiety by which 'tis easy to discern young children have been well brought up.

Against the garden wall, grew many fruit trees, and amongst them a young cherry-tree, that had not earlier than the year before been grafted, and was now in fruit. Its fruit indeed was very little; but on that account, perhaps much finer.

Mrs. Pennington, their mother, did not want to gather them, tho' ripe. She kept them for her husband's eating, who that very day was to return from York, where business had a long time kept him.

As the children were accustomed to obedience, and forbidden once for all, to gather any kind of fruit, or pick

The FRANK CONFESSION. 37

even such as they might find upon the ground, to eat it, without asking leave, she thought it useless to say any thing about this cherry-tree.

When Henry and Geneura were tired with running up and down the terrace, Come, said Henry, let's do something else now ; upon which, they join'd their hands, and walk'd slowly tow'ards the bottom of the garden, casting every now and then a look of appetite upon the fruit with which the espaliers were loaded.

They were soon come up to this grafted tree. A little blast of wind had shook the finest cherries from it, and they lay upon the ground close by. Young Henry was the first to see them. He ad-

38 *The FRANK CONFESSIO*N.

vanced his foot, stoop'd down, and pick'd them up, ate some, and gave Geneura some, who ate them likewise.

They had not yet flung the stones away, when as it chanc'd, Geneura recollected her Mama's command to eat no fruit, but what she might think fit to give her.

Ah ! said she to Henry, we have disobey'd Mama by eating any of these cherries, and shall make her angry with us, when she comes to know it. What had we best do ?

HENRY.

Why need Mama know any thing about it ? We may hold our tongues.

GENEURA.

No, no ; she needs must know it,

The FRANK CONFESSION. 39

brother. She forgives us frequently the greatest faults we can be guilty of, when we confess them of ourselves.

HENRY.

Yes, yes ; but in this instance, we have disobeyed her, and she never yet forgave us disobedience.

GENEURA.

When she punishes our faults, I need not tell you, brother, 'tis because she loves us ; and in consequence of being punish'd, we are not so very likely to forget, as otherwise we should, what we may do, and what we may not.

HENRY.

True, but she is always sorry, when

40 *The FRANK CONFESSIO*N.

she punishes our faults; and being sorry, she's unhappy : so I should not like to see Mama unhappy, which would be the case, did she but know what we have done.

GENEURA.

I should not like to see Mama unhappy, brother, any more than you: but would she not be much more so, upon discovering we had wish'd to hide our faults. Should we be bold enough to look her in the face, while we were secretly reproach'd by our own hearts? or rather should we not be quite ashamed, to hear her call us, her dear children, knowing as we must, how little we deserve it?

HENRY.

The FRANK CONFESSION. 41

HENRY.

Ah, my dearest sister, you have quite convinc'd me ; and indeed, we should, in that case, be two little monsters : Therefore let's go to her, and acknowledge what we've done.

They kiss'd each other, and went, hand and hand, to their Mama's apartment.

Dear Mama, began Geneura, we have disobey'd you, and forgot what you forbade us. Punish me and Henry, as we merit ; but pray, don't be angry with us ; we should both be quite uneasy, were our fault to make you sorry, or unhappy.

She related, in the next place,

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42 *The FRANK CONFESSION.*

what her brother and herself had done, without endeavouring to excuse the action.

Mrs. Pennington was so affected with the openness of Henry and Ge-neura, that a tear of tenderness and love escap'd her. She could not resolve on punishing their fault, but generously overlook'd it. She well knew, that children of a happy disposition are more powerfully wrought on, by the recollection of a mother's kindness, than by that of her severity.



T H E
SPIRIT of CONTRADICTION.

Mrs. HUNTER, and MONIMIA, her
daughter.

MONIMIA.

No, Mama: I had much rather
make a finish of this purse.

Mrs. HUNTER.

But then Monimia, Caroline would
certainly be pleas'd a great deal better
with the work-bag. Don't you re-

44 THE SPIRIT OF

collect, she seem'd delighted when you show'd her your's? and that you have up stairs, is made exactly like it.

MONIMIA.

Notwithstanding that, Mama, I'm sure she'd like the purse a great deal better.

Mrs. HUNTER.

Be it so; but will the purse be finish'd? There are still at least a dozen rows to do; whereas, the work-bag only wants a ribband to compleat it. Sure you would not pay a visit to your cousin, on her birth-day, and go there without some present for her?

MONIMIA.

O, Mama, you know I should not

CONTRADICTION. 45

like to do so; but believe me, you shall see the purse will very soon be finish'd.

Mrs. HUNTER.

Think before you come to any resolution in the affair. Your father, I suppose, you know sets out at four o'clock exactly, and if any one among you has not finish'd what she had to do, that one will not go with him.

MONIMIA.

He sets out at five o'clock, Mama, not four.

Mrs. HUNTER.

Monimia, will you never then be rid of such a shocking trick? Will you for ever be determin'd to assert the absolute reverse of every thing you hear?

46 *THE SPIRIT OF*
MONIMIA.

But if I'm sure, Papa sets out at five, and not before ?

Mrs. HUNTER.

Well, well ; 'twill very soon be seen, Monimia, which is in the right. But I advise you, as a friend, to be prepar'd against the hour *I* mention.

MONIMIA.

O, if that be all, Mama, you may be sure to find me ready, even at four : for look ye, 'tis, as one may say, quite finish'd. I should get a quarter of an hour beside, were I to run and work below, there in the garden.

Mrs. HUNTER.

Why so, pray ?

CONTRADICTION. 47

MONIMIA.

Because 'tis so much lighter there.

Mrs. HUNTER.

But sure, you'll lose a deal of time
in going thither, and returning?

MONIMIA.

O don't fear, but I shall get it up
again. My work will go on ten
times better for it.

Mrs. HUNTER.

As you please, Monimia; but re-
member, I've forewarn'd you what
may be the case.

MONIMIA.

I'll take the consequence upon my-
self, and run as fast as possible.

In fact she did run thither very
fast; so fast that she arriv'd quite out

48 *THE SPIRIT OF*

of breath. She wanted more than half-a-dozen minutes to recover; and at last, when she was set at work, her hands were in a tremble, owing to her flurry; so that frequently she took up one stitch for another. In the end, when she was quite recover'd, one must own she push'd her work on very fast. And yet, in spite of all her diligence, it seem'd to grow beneath her fingers. Mrs. Hunter, who was really uneasy, came to find her.

Mrs. HUNTER.

Well, Monimia, how goes business forward? Have you finish'd?

MONIMIA.

No, not yet, Mama; nor is it five o'clock yet.

CONTRADICTION. 49

Mrs. HUNTER.

Right, Monimia; but 'tis four :
the clock's just gone.

MONIMIA.

Not struck, Mama. I have been
listening; so I'm sure of that.

Mrs. HUNTER.

I don't know how it came about
then that I heard it : and your father
must have heard it likewise, for you'll
find he's setting out.

MONIMIA.

O! now, I'm sure you're joking :
that can never be.

Mrs. HUNTER.

However Dick has put the horses
to, and here's your brother and your
sisters coming. They are ready.

50 THE SPIRIT OF
MONIMIA.

O, dear me ! You don't say so,
Mama !

The BROTHER, (*coming forward,*)

Where Monimia, are you ? We
are waiting now for none but you.

MONIMIA.

A moment, brother.

The BROTHER.

Four o'clock has struck, and you
remember that Papa at dinner, told
us he should go precisely to a minute ;
having an appointment here, at half
past five.

Mrs. HUNTER.

Well now, Monimia, you remem-
ber what I told you.

MONIMIA.

But, Mama—

CONTRADICTION. 51

(*Monimia's three sisters enter, crying out,*)

Monimia, come, come, come.

MONIMIA (*vex'd.*)

Softly, softly, children.

THE BROTHER.

How Monimia, have you not yet done your purse? See here the little landscape I shall give my cousin.

FIRST SISTER.

And this bow-pot, which will be my present.

SECOND SISTER.

And this hufwife of my making for her.

THIRD SISTER.

And these garters I have knit her.

—But here comes Papa.

52 THE SPIRIT OF

Mr. HUNTER, (*coming in,*)

Well, we are setting out. You know, Monimia, I am never staid for; therefore never do I stay for others. If you're ready, follow; but if not, remain behind.

MONIMIA.

My purse is not yet done; I have but two short rows to finish.

Mr. HUNTER (*beckoning the other children to follow,*)

Well, good bye, Monimia: I'll give Caroline your love, and say you wish her well, and happy, on her birthday. (*they go out.*)

MONIMIA (*to her mother, weeping,*)

They are setting out, and I must stay at home quite melancholy!

CONTRADICTION. 53

that waited with so much impatience for this day's arrival! Caroline will have a present from them every one, and I, the eldest, am not of the party! What will she think of me?

Mrs. HUNTER.

In reality, the case is pitiable, I must own; and more particularly so, as it depended on yourself alone, to shun the mortifying situation. I forewarn'd you, what would be the case, in proper time; and if, instead of being obstinately bent to go on with your purse, you had but put a ribband to your work-bag; if you had not lost so many minutes as you did in running hither; if you had not got it from the first into your head,

54 *THE SPIRIT OF*

your father was not to set out till five, you would have sav'd yourself all this vexation. The misfortune now is come, and you have only to support it, as you ought, with patience.

MONIMIA.

But my aunt and uncle, what will they think of me? They'll imagine I am in disgrace, or else don't love my cousin.

Mrs. HUNTER.

You must own, Monimia, they will have some reason to suspect as much.

MONIMIA.

Ah, dear Mama! instead of lighting, you increase my sorrow!

Mrs. HUNTER.

No, Monimia, I am no less sorrow-

CONTRADICTION. 55

ful than you ; but then, if you think proper, I can end your sorrow.

MONIMIA.

Ah now, you're quite good ! Yes, yes ; I'll make an end as soon as possible, and then we two will take the purse. My uncle, aunt and cousin too will be agreeably surpris'd, and see 'twas not my fault, I came so late. I fancy therefore you'll send out to fetch a coach, and in the interim I shall finish.

Mrs. HUNTER.

No, Monimia, that would be to disobey your father, and deprive you of the benefit accruing from a useful lesson. You shall not, at least to-day, go see your cousin ; but may have it in your

56 *THE SPIRIT OF*

power to be as happy, as you would have been, by going. I've a certain method to propose you for that purpose.

MONIMIA.

And what is it, pray, Mama?

Mrs. HUNTER.

To form, from this time forward, a determin'd resolution not to settle matters just as you yourself think proper; to renounce particularly that intolerable trick you have of contradicting everlastingly whatever you hear said; and rid yourself of that vile habit you give way to, of opposing your ridiculous ideas to the counsels of such people as you know are wiser than yourself. I am persuaded you've
sufficient

CONTRADICTION. 57

sufficient courage to take up with any resolution, and support it.

MONIMIA.

Yes, indeed, Mama, I will, I will so.

Mrs. HUNTER.

I expected nothing less, Monimia, from you; and if during what's still left us of the week, I see you persevere in your commendable resolve, we'll go next Saturday and see your cousin. We'll then carry her the purse, and more than that, the work-bag also, which will make her think, you have delay'd your present with a view of complimenting her with something worthier of herself, and more expressive of your generosity.

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E

58 THE SPIRIT, &c.

MONIMIA, (*embracing her Mama,*)

Oh dear Mama, once more you
make me happy!

Mrs. HUNTER.

You, Monimia, make me no less
happy. Possibly this very moment
you are laying the foundation of your
happiness in future.



CASTOR AND POLLUX.

MR. Herbert had brought up two handsome dogs, one Castor, and the other Pollux; names he gave them, hoping they would love each other, like the two illustrious heroes they were call'd from. But though both were litter'd at a birth, and consequently had one mother, had both fed together, and been treated with an absolute equality, they did not long delay to manifest a very different temper.

60 *CASTOR and POLLUX.*

Castor was extremely meek and docile ; Pollux rough and quarrelsome.

The generous Castor jump'd for joy, when any one caress'd him ; and by no means took it ill, his brother should be fondled : but the surly Pollux, on the other hand, whenever Mr. Herbert had him in his lap, would growl if Castor met with any notice, the least smile, or token of affection.

When the friends of Mr. Herbert, coming on a visit, brought their dogs, our Castor would immediately get in among them, and endeavour to amuse his company. And as his nature was extremely pliant and insinuating, and his manners very winning, they were

CASTOR and POLLUX 61

always at their ease, whenever 'twas his part to entertain them. They would play and frisk about the apartments, just as if they had been all at school with one another. The good Castor did his utmost to set off their beauty and activity, that Mr. Herbert might be pleased with their appearance, and induc'd to do them some good turn or other.

What did Pollux, in the mean time, do? He'd get into a corner, and be all day barking at the strangers. If unhappily they drew too near him, he would then be sure to grin and snarl, and often bite their tail or ears. And if his master notice'd any one among them for his

62 *CASTOR and POLLUX.*

breeding and good parts, he'd howl with all his might, as if the house was robbing.

Mr. Herbert had remark'd this odious temper, some time past in Pollux, and begun already to neglect him. Castor, on the other hand, gain'd something every day on his affection.

On a certain day, as he was set at table, he resolv'd to try their dispositions more than he had ever yet done.

They were both attending at the table, Pollux being nearest ;—for the honest Castor, to avoid dissention, always gave him up with pleasure the best place : and Mr. Herbert held out Pollux a nice piece of juicy meat,

CASTOR and POLLUX. 63

which instantly he fell to chewing. Castor was not discontented in the least at this ; but waited with the greatest pleasure till his turn should come. His turn came soon ; but Mr. Herbert threw him nothing but a hard dry bone. He took it without any sign of discontent ; but hardly had the churlish Pollux notic'd Castor busy with his share, though much inferior to his own, than he rejected with disdain the bit between his teeth, and fell on Castor, to obtain his bone. The gentle Castor made no manner of resistance, but supposing it might please the fickle taste of Pollux, yielded it at once.

Don't think, my friends, this con-

64 *CASTOR and POLLUX.*

descension on the part of Castor was the effect of cowardice, or even weakness in him. He had given ample testimony of his strength, and resolution very lately in a contest he had been engag'd in, on account of Pollux, whose intolerable furliness had drawn down the resentment of a dog upon him, living in the neighbourhood. He had not fought above five minutes, though 'twas he himself had previously provok'd the fight, before he ran away; while Castor, though without a friend to take his part, continu'd the engagement like a hero, and acquired at last such glory, as to make his adversary lick the dust.

This anecdote, his master knew; and as his character for courage was

CASTOR and POLLUX. 64

so thoroughly confirm'd, he made him take the bit of juicy meat he had before thrown Pollux ; but which Pollux had rejected. Castor, my good fellow, said his master, 'tis but just you should enjoy your brother's portion, since he first took your's ; and therefore eat it.

Pollux scowl'd at Castor, seeing the affection that accompanied these words in Mr. Herbert's countenance ; and Mr. Herbert added, Since you've shewn yourself thus complaisant and generous tow'rs him who treats you with such jealousy and envy, you shall be in future my own dog, and range about the house, as you think proper ; but your brother shall be tied up in the yard : so quick, a chain for Pol-

66 *CASTOR and POLLUX.*

lux! and let some one bid the carpenter this moment knock him up a house.

Accordingly this last was instantly conducted to his station, while the other had his liberty to walk about the apartments.

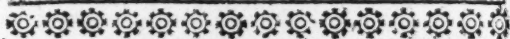
Pollux very probably would have enjoy'd with insolence so great a mark of favour, had *he* gain'd the advantage in his master's judgment: but the heart of Castor bled at the idea of his brother's sentence: and essay'd all means to soften his condition. When the servants gave him any thing, he would be sure to carry it to Pollux; wag his tail with pleasure, and invite him to regale upon it. And at night, not fail to visit Pollux in his house; by every means amusing him amid his sufferings,

CASTOR and POLLUX. 67

and for hours together, warming his numb'd limbs.

But, Pollux, far from being wrought upon by such kind actions, never welcom'd Castor to his kennel, or receiv'd him otherwise than with continual howlings; so that very quickly after, rage inflam'd his blood; his heart was ulcerated, and his entrails perfectly dried up.

You, children that read this, if there be any one among you of a disposition such as Pollux had, consider what a miserable lot awaits you, and reflect upon the punishment he met with. You will lead a life of sorrow, and humiliation, and expire in horror.



T H E

L I T T L E V I X E N.

“WON’T you do then, Mr. Obstinacy, what I bid you? Come, come, sir, obey; or else you’ll be the worse off for it, I can tell you.”—It was thus, Camilla the pert little Vixen we are now to talk of, was perpetually rating and commanding her poor brother.

Might her word be taken for it, he did every thing amiss: whatever, on the

THE LITTLE VIXEN. 69

other hand, she thought of doing, was a master-piece of reason and reflection. The diversions he propos'd, were always dull and heavy in her judgment ; but forgetting this decision, when the next day came, she would herself most likely chuse them, as the liveliest and most entertaining. Her unhappy brother was oblig'd, on pain of being soundly lectur'd, to obey her whims and fancies. If he durst attempt to shew her the unreasonableness with which she acted, she would be that moment in her airs : his playthings then, were sure to go to ruin, and himself was forc'd to mope without amusement, in a corner of the room.

Camilla's parents had a hundred times endeavour'd to correct her of

this fault. Her mother, in particular, was always telling her that people never got belov'd by others, if they were not complaisant and gentle ; that a little girl, who would on all occasions set up her own will by way of law for others, would be found the most intolerable creature in the universe. These prudent lessons or instructions, made no manner of impression on her heart : Her brother sick of so much tyranny, began already to lose something of his love and kindness for her ; and Camilla was so far from shaking off her domineering disposition upon that account that she became a hundred times more arbitrary and insulting.

As it chanc'd, a gentleman of un

THE LITTLE VIXEN, 71

derstanding, and who always was remarkably sincere and open in his speech and conduct, din'd one day, upon an invitation, with Camilla's parents. He observ'd with what a haughty air she treated her poor little brother, nay, and every body in the room. At first, through mere politeness, he kept silence, but tir'd out ere long with her impertinence, began, addressing his discourse to Mrs. Osborn, her Mama, as follows : " Had I such a little girl as your's, I know what I would do."

What, fir ? said Mrs. Osborn.

You shall hear, replied the gentleman. I'm lately come from France, and as I liked to see the soldiers exer-

72 *THE LITTLE VIXEN.*

cise, I us'd to please myself by visiting the grand parade, as frequently as I had leisure, where the soldiers are drawn up. Among the soldiers, there were many I observ'd with whiskers, and one cannot but acknowledge, they look'd very fierce, as soldiers should do. Now, had I a child like your Camilla, I would give her instantly a soldier's uniform, with whiskers; so that she might satisfy her passion for commanding.

Hearing this, Camilla stood confounded. She could not refrain from blushing, and even wept.

From that time forward, she was sensible how much a tyrannizing disposition misbecame her; and resolv'd

THE LITTLE VIXEN. 73

to shun the mortifying consequences it would soon or late bring down upon her. This resolve, assisted by the prudent counsels of her mother, quickly prov'd successful.

Such a change was doubtless very prudent on her part. It were however to be wish'd, for all young ladies, labouring under such a fault, that they would yield obedience to the kind instruction of their parents, on this subject; and not wait, till such time as a man of understanding tells them to their face, they would look better in a surly soldier's uniform with whiskers, than set off with nice white cambrick frocks, like all good-natur'd little ladies.

T H E

F R I E N D S.

FERDINAND, from nature, had receiv'd a soul endued with elevated thoughts, and generous notions. He possess'd a lively turn of mind, a strong and quick imagination, with a chearful temper. His whole person, in one word, and elegant behaviour, won him every heart.

However, with so many amiable qualities, he had a certain great defect, extremely inconvenient to his friends, of giving way to every slight impression, and delivering up his soul to the emotions any accidental circumstance might raise within him.

When he sought amusement in the circle of his play-mates, trifling contradictions ruffled his impatient disposition, and they saw the fire of rage inflame that moment his whole countenance; he stamped upon the ground, cried out, and was beside himself with passion.

Once upon a time, as he was walking in his chamber to and fro, and meditating on the necessary preparations

76 *THE FRIENDS.*

for a treat his father had permitted him to give his sister, Marcellinus, his dear friend and favourite, intended to communicate his notions on the subject. Buried as he was in thought, he saw not Marcellinus. Marcellinus therefore, having call'd out to him, but in vain, drew nearer, and began to pull him by the sleeve ; but Ferdinand, disturb'd and out of patience with these interruptions, unexpectedly turn'd round, with so much rudeness, that he sent poor Marcellinus quite across the apartment, to fall down beside the wainscot.

Marcellinus, having dropp'd, lay still without the appearance of life. To which I am to add, that as in falling he had struck his head against the

THE FRIENDS. 77

moulding of a book-case, he had got a wound, or Ferdinand then fancied, in the temple, whence there came a deal of blood.

Heavens! reader, what a shocking prospect was not this for Ferdinand! who never had intended any harm to Marcellinus; and for whom he would have even lost his life, if needful.

Ferdinand fell down beside him, lamentably crying out, He's dead, he's dead! I've kill'd my friend! Instead of trying any means for his recovery, he remain'd stretch'd all along, and uttering dismal sighings. Happily, his father heard him: he came running up, took Marcellinus in his arms, and having laid him on a bed,

78 THE FRIENDS.

call'd out for salts; and threw cold water in his face, which brought him to a little.

The return of Marcellinus to new life transported Ferdinand with joy; but, as he might relapse, it was not great enough to take away entirely his anxiety.

A surgeon, being sent for, probed the wound. He found it was not in the temple; but so very near it, that a hair's breadth difference in the distance would have made it dangerous indeed, if not quite mortal: being carried home, he soon became delirious.

Ferdinand could no how be persuaded to leave Marcellinus. He

THE FRIENDS. 79

took up his station by his dear friend's pillow, and was swallow'd up in silence; Marcellinus frequently pronounc'd the name of Ferdinand; while his delirium lasted. My dear Ferdinand, would he begin, in what had I offend-ed you, that I should thus be treated? Yet, 'tis quite impossible you should be less afflicted than myself, for ha-ving wounded me, without the least degree of provocation. Let it not however grieve your generous nature. I forgive you, and do you forgive me likewise, Ferdinand, for having put you, as I must have done, into a pas-sion. It was not my wish to vex you.

This discourse that Marcellinus thus

80 *THE FRIENDS.*

addressed to Ferdinand, without observing him, though present, and even holding him continually by the hand, redoubled his affliction. Every word proceeding from the lips of Marcellinus, as it served but to proclaim the greatness of his friendship, was a poniard to the heart of Ferdinand.

At last however it pleas'd God, for Ferdinand's great consolation, to assuage the fever's violence. In ten days time the patient was enabled to get up.

What tongue can represent the joy of Ferdinand! It is not to be comprehended certainly by any one, unless, beforehand, he has felt himself the sorrow, Ferdinand experienc'd all

THE FRIENDS. 81

the while he was a witness of his friend's distressful situation.

Marcellinus being thoroughly at last recover'd, Ferdinand resum'd his former chearful humour, and not needing any other lesson than the sorrowful event that had so lately happen'd, labour'd hard to overcome the vehemence of temper he had been a slave to.

Marcellinus in a very little time had no memento of the accident remaining, but a trifling scar, as just now mention'd near the temples. Ferdinand could never see this scar without emotion, even when they both were come to years of manhood. It became, in short, the seal of that

82 *THE FRIENDS.*

much closer friendship they were ever
afterward united in, to one another.

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PLAINNESS THE DRESS OF
USE.

THE little Isabella had worn nothing but a plain white frock, till she was eight years old. Neat red Morocco shoes, with silver buckles, set off her small feet; her ebon hair, that never yet had felt the torturing iron, floated in large curls upon her shoulder.

She had got one day, into the com

pany of certain little girls, who tho' not older than herself, were dress'd already like great ladies; and the richness of their cloaths awaken'd in her heart the first vain notions she had ever had within it.

Dear Mama, said she, returning from the house, where she had met with these fine ladies, I have seen this afternoon the three Miss Askwells. I suppose you know them. She that's eldest must be younger than myself. O dear Mama, how sweetly they were dress'd! Their parents sure must have a deal of pleasure, seeing them so fine! I dare say, they are not so rich as you; so give me, if you please, a fine silk slip, with such embroider'd shoes as they had on; and let my hair be

THE DRESS OF USE. 85

ess'd by Mr. Frizzle, who, they
all me, is extremely clever.

THE MOTHER.

I desire no better, if to do so will
contribute to your satisfaction: but
fear, with all this elegance, you'll
and yourself not quite so happy as
you have been hitherto, in the sim-
plicity of such plain things as you
are us'd to.

ISABELLA.

And why so, Mama?

THE MOTHER.

Because you'll be eternally afraid
of spotting, and even rumpling what
you wear. A dress so elegant as the
Miss Alkwell's, will require the great-
est study and attention in the wear,
that it may do you honour. If it

gets one spot, the beauty will be lost for ever, as one cannot put it in the wash tub, to recover its first lustre and however rich you may suppose me, I shall not be rich enough to buy you a new silk slip, whenever you may want one.

ISABELLA.

O, if that be all, Mama, don't make yourself uneasy. I'll be very careful of it.

The MOTHER.

Will you? well then, I must give you such a dress; but still remember I have hinted what uneasiness your vanity may cause you.

Unpersuaded by the wisdom of the counsel, Isabella did not lose a moment in destroying all the pleasure at

enjoyment of her infancy. Her hair, that had till then hung down at liberty, was now to be confined in paper, and squeez'd close between a burning pair of tongs ; and that fine jet, which had till now so happily set off the whiteness of her forehead was to disappear beneath a clod of powder and pomatum.

Two days after, Isabella had a handsome slip brought home, of pea green taffety, with fine pink' trimmings, and a pair of straw-work'd shoes, to match them. Their inimitable taste, propriety and freshness charm'd the eye ; but when she had them on, 'twas evident her limbs were under great constraint, her motions had no longer their accusom'd

ease and freedom, and her infant countenance, amid so vast a quantity of flowers, silk gauze and ribbands, lost entirely every trace of innocence and candour.

She was notwithstanding quite enchanted at her metamorphosis. Her eyes, with mighty satisfaction, wander'd over her whole little person, and were never taken off, except when she look'd round about her, to find out some glass in the apartment, that might represent the idol she then worshipp'd, at full length, before her.

She had wrought on her Mama to send out cards of invitation to her little friends, that when they came to visit her, she might enjoy a feast, in view-

THE DRESS OF USE. 89

ing their surprise and admiration. When they all had got together, she walk'd to and fro before them, like a peacock; and to notice her behaviour, any one would have imagin'd, she suppos'd herself an empress, and consider'd those about her, as subjected to her empire. But alas! this triumph was but of a very short duration, and a multitude of mortifying circumstances follow'd it.

The children were permitted to go out a walking in the fields, near that part of the town she liv'd in. Isabella therefore led the way, and they attain'd in ten or fifteen minutes, a delightful country.

A luxuriant meadow first of all at-

tracted their attention. It was every where enamel'd with a vast variety of charming flowers and butterflies, whose wings were of a thousand mingled colours, hover'd in each quarter of it. The gay little ladies hunted these fine butterflies; they dextrously caught, but did not hurt them; and when once they had examin'd all their beauty, let them go; and with their eyes, pursued the little creatures as they flutter'd this and that way.

They employ'd themselves in making nosegays likewise of the flowers that sprung up in the meadow, which they gather'd for that purpose.

Isabella, who from pride had first of all disdain'd these mean amusements, wanted very soon to share the

THE DRESS OF USE. 92

entertainment they afforded ; but the ground, they told her, might be damp, in which case, she wou'd stain her shoes, and damage her fine slip ; for they had now discover'd her intention in thus bringing them together, was to vex them only with a sight of her fine cloaths ; and they resolv'd to mortify her in their turn.

She was of course necessitated to be solitary, and sit still ; while she observ'd how gaily her companions frolick'd round about her. The delight of contemplating on her pea-green slip was, in comparison therewith, a very sorry kind of entertainment.

At the corner of the meadow, was a sort of little grove, in which was to

be heard the music of a thousand birds, that seem'd as if inviting every person that went through the meadow, to go thither, and enjoy the coolness of the shade. This grove our children enter'd, jumping as they went along, with joy. Poor Isabella would have follow'd them; but she was told, the bushes would entirely tear all her trimmings. She observ'd her friends divert themselves at *pussy in the corner*, and pursue each other through the trees. The more she heard them shout with joy, the more, as any one might have expected, was she peevish and ill-humour'd.

But the youngest of her visitors had some sort of compassion on her. She had just found out a corner where there

THE DRESS OF USE. 93

grew a quantity of fine wild strawberries, and therefore wai'd her to come on, and eat her portion of them. She would willingly have done so, but had scarcely got into the grove, when unexpectedly a cry was heard. The children gather'd to the spot, and found poor Isabella fasten'd by the gauze upon her hat, and ribbands to a branch of white thorn, which she could not any how get free from. They made haste to loose the pins that held her hat on; but to add to her affliction, as her hair, which had been frizz'd with so much labour, was entangled likewise with the branch of white thorn, so it cost her almost a whole lock, before she could be set at liberty; and thus, was all at once the

charming superstructure of her head-dress, absolutely pull'd to pieces.

'Tis not difficult to guess how little this misfortune thus befalling Isabella touch'd her play-mates, when they found, as we have said already, why she had invited them. Instead of consolation, which she needed, and 'tis very probable expected, they could hardly keep from laughing at her comical appearance, and did actually jeer her with a hundred wicked witticisms. After having smooth'd her down a little, they ran off in search of fresh amusement, tow'ards a hill they saw at some small distance from them.

Isabella, in the interim, could not, without real difficulty, reach it. Her strait shoes, that had been made so,

THE DRESS OF USE. 95

to set off her little feet the better, were a great obstruction to her speed; nor was this all the mischief; for her stays were drawn so close, she could not easily fetch breath. She would have now been happy to go home, and change her dress, that she might be at ease; but then she knew, her little friends would never have consented, upon her account, to be depriv'd of their amusement.

They had got by this time to the summit of the hill; and were enjoying the fine view, a spacious horizon presented them on every side. They saw on one hand verdant meadows; on the other, yellow harvests; rivulets before them that meander'd through the country; and

by way of termination to the landscape, a large river, on whose banks were many pleasant country houses. So magnificent a prospect charm'd them. They even danc'd about with joy, while Isabella at the bottom of the hill, (for she was absolutely out of breath, and could not possibly get further) was devour'd with sorrow.

She had time and opportunity enough, in such a situation, to make many sad reflexions. To what purpose, said she to herself, are these fine cloaths I've got upon me? how much pleasure do they not prevent me from enjoying! and what pain, do I not suffer, for no other reason than because I have them!

She was giving up her mind to these

THE DRESS OF USE. 97

afflicting thoughts, when suddenly she heard her friends come running down the hill, and all cry out together, as they pass'd her: Run, run, Isabella! there's a dreadful storm behind the hill, that's coming tow'rd us! if you don't make haste, your slip will soon be made a pretty top of!

Isabella felt her strength returning, at the fear of such a great misfortune as her play-mates threaten'd. She forgot her weariness, pinch'd feet, and tight-lac'd middle, and made tolerable haste to reach some place of shelter. But in spite of every thing she did to shun so grievous a misfortune as the spoiling of her cloaths, she could not run so fast as her companions, who were dress'd so lightly,

Then too, every moment she was stopp'd, at one time, by her hoop and flounces in the narrow paths she had to go through, at another, by her train that frequently the furzes would catch hold of; and at others, by *Mounshcer's* fine scaffold work about her head, on which the wind bent down the branches of such trees, as she was forc'd, in going homeward, to pass under.

At that moment too, the storm burst forth in all its fury; and there fell a shower of hail and rain both mix'd together, after all but *Isabella* had regain'd their several habitations.

In the end however, *Isabella* got home likewise, but wet through and through. She had besides, left on

THE DRESS OF USE. 99

of her fine shoes behind her in a heap of dung, which as she hurried homeward, she had scrambled over without seeing it; and to increase the list of her disasters, she had not quite clear'd the meadow, when a gust of wind blew off her hat into the middle of a dirty pool of water.

They had all the trouble any one can possibly imagine to undress her; so much had the sweat and rain even glued her shift and other garments to her body; so that her whole dress was spoil'd, and absolutely good for nothing.

Shall I have another slip my dear, against to-morrow made up for you? said her mother drily, seeing her in tears.

O no, Mama, said Isabella, kissing her: I am convinc'd fine cloaths can

never make the wearer of them happy. Let me take up with my nice white frock again ; and have no more pomatum in my hair, till I am eight or ten years older than at present ; and forgive my folly.

Isabella, with the dress of childhood, came again into the full possession of her liberty, and seem'd as modest and as charming as she ever had been. Neither did her dear Mama regret the loss she had experienc'd in the purchase of this fine silk slip, &c. ; since it prov'd the means of reinstating her beloved daughter in the happiness her vanity and folly would have taken from her, had it not been for this useful lesson.

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T H E

FIRE BY NIGHT.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. VERNON.

ADRIAN, }
CONSTANCE, } *their children.*

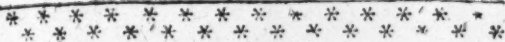
MEADOWS, *a farmer.*

BRIDGET, *his wife.*

HODGE, }
PHEBE, } *their children.*

GODFREY, *Mr. Vernon's groom.*

The scene is at the entrance of a village, in the environs of London, in a part of which, contiguous to the fields appears a fire. And on one side, is a farm-house with a pump, and on the other side a hill.



T H E
FIRE BY NIGHT.

S C E N E I.

ADRIAN (*running by a path conducting round the hill : his cloaths and hair are out of order. He looks back and sees the fire burst forth with aggravated fury,*)

O Heaven ! O Heaven ! all burning
still ! what volumes of thick smoke

104 *THE FIRE BY NIGHT.*

and flame ! What's now become of my Papa, Mama and sister ? Am I an unhappy orphan ? Heaven take pity on me, and let them be safe ; for they are more to me than all the world beside—Without them what should I do ?

(Oppress'd with grief and weariness, he leans against a tree. The farmhouse door now opens, and the little peasant Hodge, who has his breakfast in his hand, comes out.)

HODGE, *(without observing Adrian,)*

So it does not finish then, this fire ? What could possess my father to go poking with his horses, just into the middle of it ! But the sun's now rising. He'll ere long come back. I'll sit down here, and wait till he returns. *(H)*

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(He goes to sit down by the tree, and sees the little Adrian,)

Hey! hey! who's here? a fine young gentleman! what brings you out so early as it is, my pretty master?

ADRIAN.

Ah my little friend, I neither know at present, where I am, nor whither I am going.

HODGE.

How! May-hap you live in town? and very likely where the fire is?

ADRIAN.

Yes indeed, I have escap'd I can't well tell you in what manner.

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106 THE FIRE BY NIGHT.

HODGE.

Is your house in flames ?

ADRIAN.

'Tis in our street the fire broke out.
I was in bed, and sleeping very sound-
ly. My papa ran up to snatch me
out of bed : the servants dress'd me
in a hurry, and one carried me directly
thro' the fire, that blaz'd as we went
forward, round about us.

HODGE.

Poor, dear, little fellow !

SOMEBODY, (*from the house cries
out,*)

Hodge ! Hodge !

(*but Hodge is listening to the little
Adrian, with so much attention, that
he does not hear it.*)

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SCENE II.

ADRIAN, HODGE, BRIDGET, and
PHEBE.

BRIDGET, (*to Phebe, at the entrance,*)

I Hope he is not got away, that he
may see the fire: I've surely cause
enough to tremble for his father's
danger.

PHEBE.

No, no, Mother: here he is. Ah!
ha! he's speaking to a little gentle-
man.

BRIDGET, (*to Hodge,*)

Why not make answer, when I
call'd you?

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108 *THE FIRE BY NIGHT.*

HODGE.

Have you really been calling me ?
I did not hear you. I was listening
to this poor boy, here.

BRIDGET.

Poor ! What has happen'd to him ?

HODGE.

He was like to have been burnt
alive. His house was all in flames, he
tells me, when they got him out.

BRIDGET.

How pale the poor dear fellow is !
And how did they contrive to save
you then, my little fir ?

ADRIAN.

Our helper put me on his shoulders,
being bid to take me to a village where
I had been nurs'd ; but in the street
they stopp'd him, wanting hands to

THE FIRE BY NIGHT. 109

work. I fell a crying, when I saw myself alone; at which, a good old woman took me by the hand, and brought me out of town, directing me to walk straight forward, till I saw a village; so I follow'd her advice, and here I am.

BRIDGET.

And can you tell me, what your nurse's name was?

ADRIAN.

No, not now; but I can recollect, I us'd to call my little foster-sister, Phebe.

PHEBE (*earnestly,*)

If this little boy were Adrian, mother!

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110 THE FIRE BY NIGHT.

ADRIAN.

Yes! yes! that's my name!

BRIDGET.

What, Adrian, Mr. Vernon's son?

ADRIAN.

O, my good dear nurse! I recollect you now. And this is Phebe, and this, Hodge.

(They embrace each other.)

BRIDGET, *(kissing Adrian,)*

How happy I must own I am! I thought of nothing, but my poor dear little Adrian, since this fire began. My husband's gone to give you all the assistance he is able.—But how tall he's grown! should you have recollected him? I think not Phebe.

PHEBE.

Not immediately indeed; but when

THE FIRE BY NIGHT. 111

I saw him first, methought I felt my heart beat towards him. 'Tis a long time now since we were last together.

ADRIAN.

I have been a great way off, at school, and came home only three days since, to spend the holidays. Had I remain'd, I should at least, at present, have known nothing of this day's misfortune. O, Papa! Mama! O sister!

BRIDGET.

Poor dear fellow! there's no cause to make yourself uneasy. On the first alarm of fire, so near your quarter of the town, my husband instantly set out, to see if he could be of any use. I know him. Your Papa, Ma-

112 *THE FIRE BY NIGHT.*

ma, and sister will be safe, if mortal man can save them: but my lovely Adrian, you have been up and running these two hours at least, and must be hungry. Will you eat a little?

HODGE.

Look ye Master, here's a Yorkshire cake and butter. Take it.

ADRIAN.

Master! You were us'd to call me Adrian, and no Master.

HODGE, (*embracing him,*)

Well then Adrian, take my breakfast.

PHEBE.

Or stay, Adrian, you must sure be dry, as well as hungry. I'll go fetch

THE FIRE BY NIGHT. 113

you my milk-porridge. I was putting
in the bread—

ADRIAN.

No, no, my good friends. I can't
have any stomach, till I see my dear
Papa, Mama, and sister. I'll return
and seek them.

BRIDGET.

Do you think of what you're say-
ing? Run into the flames!

ADRIAN.

'Twas in the flames I left them:
but it was against my will. I did not
like to part with them; but my Papa
would have it so: he threatened me,
and in an angry tone bid Godfrey
pay no heed to my resistance. I was
forc'd at last to yield, for fear of put-
ting him into a greater passion; I

114 THE FIRE BY NIGHT.

can't hold out any longer ; but whatever be the danger, must go back to find if they're in safety.

BRIDGET.

I can't let you go, that's certain. Come into the house with us.

ADRIAN.

You have a house then. I, alas! have none.

BRIDGET.

And is not our house, your's? I fed you with my milk, and cannot surely then deny you bread. (*She forces him in, and says to Hodge,*) Take care, and stay you here, that you may see your father coming back the sooner, and inform us of it—But don't run to see the fire. Remember I forbade you that.

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HODGE, (*alone*,)

And yet I've half a mind to do so:
What a charming furnace it must
be! I don't see clearly, but I
think that steeple's down, that had the
golden dragon on the top: There's
many a poor soul by this burnt out of
house and home! I pity them, and
yet they must not hinder me from fi-
nishing my breakfast. (*To Phebe, re-en-
tering with a tumbler.*) Well now,
Phebe, you're a dear good girl, indeed,
bring me drink, so kindly!

PHEBE.

O, 'tis not for you. I'm come to
get a glass of water for poor Adrian.
He'll have neither milk, nor ale, nor
wine. My dear Papa, says he, Ma-

116 THE FIRE BY NIGHT.

ma and sister, very likely, are at present
sent dry and hungry, and shall I have
such nice things? No, no, indeed
let me have therefore nothing but a
little water; that will serve me well
enough, and more particularly, being
as I am, so thirsty.

HODGE.

One must own, 'tis notwithstanding
ing something comical, that Adrian
should refuse a drop of any thing
that's good, because he can't get
things of his parents.

PHEBE.

O, I know *you* well enough! *you*
sister might be burnt alive, and *you*
not eat a mouthful less on that
count. For my part, I should be

What,

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Adrian. I should hardly think of
sting, if our house were set on fire,
and no one could inform me what had
happen'd to my father, mother, or
my brother.

HODGE.

No, nor I—provided, by the bye,
we were not hungry.

PHEBE.

Can one then be hungry? Look
Hodge, I've not the least degree
of appetite. To see poor Adrian
sick, and take on so, has made me
forget I had a stomach.

HODGE.

So then you won't eat this morn-
ing your milk-porridge?

PHEBE.

What, you want it, after having

118 THE FIRE BY NIGHT.

swallow'd your own breakfast, with
Yorkshire cake into the bargain?

HODGE.

No: I'd only take your breakfast
that if neither you nor Adrian wish
to have it, nothing might be lost
that's all. But let me have the
tumbler. I've not drunk myself.

PHEBE, (*giving him the tumbler,*)
Make haste then: Adrian's very
dry.

HODGE, (*after drinking,*)
Stay, stay, I'll fill it for him.

PHEBE.
Without rining it?

HODGE.
Do you suppose I've poison in my
mouth then?

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PHEBE.

Very proper, truly, with the crumbs about the rim ! I'll rince it out myself. Young gentlemen are us'd to cleanliness, and I would wish to let him see as much propriety and neatness in our cottage, as at home. (*She rinces the tumbler ; fills it up, and then goes out.*)

HODGE, (*alone,*)

So, there's my breakfast done. Suppose now I should run to town, and see the fire. I shan't be miss'd if I set out, stay there but half an hour or so, and then come back : 'tis nothing but a good sound scolding from my mother. I'll however go a little way, and then determine. 'Tis not more than twelve or thirteen minutes'

120 THE FIRE BY NIGHT.

walk before I'm there.—Come, come; faint heart, the proverb tells us, never won fair lady. (*He sets off, but meets his father.*)

S C E N E III.

HODGE, and MEADOWS (*with a cloth upon his shoulders; tir'd, and out of breath.*)

HODGE.

WHAT you're come back, father. I was going on a little way to meet you.

MEADOWS, (*with anxiety,*)

Were you? And is Adria here?

HODGE

THE FIRE BY NIGHT. 121

HODGE.

Yes, yes ; not long ago, arriv'd.

MEADOWS, (*putting down the chest,*)

Thank God then, the whole family are safe. (*He sits down upon the chest.*) Let me take breath a little.

HODGE.

Won't you come in, father ?

MEADOWS.

No, no: I'll remain here in the open air, 'till I'm recover'd from my hurry. Go, and tell your mother, I'm return'd.

MEADOWS, (*alone, wiping his face,*)

I shall not die then, without having, in my turn, oblig'd my benefactor.

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SCENE IV.

MEADOWS, BRIDGET, ADRIAN,
HODGE, and PHEBE.

BRIDGET, (*running from the farm
house, and embracing Meadows,*)

AH, my dear! what joy to see you
safe come back!

MEADOWS, (*returns Bridget her em-
brace,*)

My life! But Adrian, where is he,
then? let me see him.

ADRIAN, (*running up,*)

Here I am. Here, here, father,
(*looking round about him*) But what, are
you alone? Where's my Papa, Mama,
and little sister?

THE FIRE BY NIGHT. 123

MEADOWS.

Safe, my child ; quite safe.—Embrace me.

ADRIAN, (*jumping up into his arms,*)

O what joy !

BRIDGET.

We have been all in very great perplexity. Our neighbours are come back already.

MEADOWS.

They had not their benefactor to preserve, as I had.

BRIDGET.

But the fire, dear Thomas, is it out, and all the mischief over ?

MEADOWS.

Over, Bridget ! The whole street's in flames ! if you could only see the ruins and the multitude of people !

124 *THE FIRE BY NIGHT.*

Women with their hair about their ears, all running to and fro, and calling out to find their husbands and poor children; to which, add the sound of bells, the noise of carts and engines, with the crush of houses, when the timbers are burnt through, the frighten'd horses, and the throng of people driving full against you. - I can't tell you how I made my way amid the flames that cross'd before me, and the burning beams that every moment were so likely to fall down and crush me.

BRIDGET.

Bless us! you congeal my blood with horror!

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PHEBE.

See, see, mother, how his hair and
eye brows are all sing'd!

MEADOWS.

And see my arm too. Why should
I complain, however? Could I but
have got away with life, I should not
have demurr'd to lose a limb for Mr.
Vernon.

BRIDGET.

How my dear! a limb?

MEADOWS.

What wife, to save our benefactor!

Was it not through his means we
both came together? Are we not in-
debted to his generosity, not only for
his farm, but every thing we have?

And what's still more, my jewel, was

126 THE FIRE BY NIGHT.

Is not your milk that rear'd his weakly child, now strong and hearty? (*Adrian clings to Bridget*) Did I say I should not have demurr'd to lose a limb for Mr. Vernon?—I say more. I would have given my life to save him.

BRIDGET.

You have then been able to assist him?

MEADOWS.

Yes, I have that happiness to boast of: he himself, his lady, and his daughter, had scarce got out of their house, as they suppos'd in safety, when a half burnt beam fell down into the street before them. Happily I was not ten yards off: the people fancied they were crush'd beneath it.

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weight, and ran away. I heard their cries, came back, and rushing through the burning ruins brought them off. I had already sav'd this chest you see before you, and my cart besides is loaded with the greatest part of their most valuable furniture.

ADRIAN.

Be sure my father will most richly recompense you.

MEADOWS.

I am recompens'd already, my dear little friend. Your father did not very likely think of such a service at my hands, and I have sav'd him: In that thought, I am much better paid than in receiving any recompence. But this is not the whole. Ere long,

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he will be doubtless here, and all his family, and people.

ADRIAN.

What then, shall I see them quickly?

MEADOWS.

Yes, my Adrian : but run, wife, and make a little preparation to receive them : let some ale be drawn, and have the cows milk'd instantly. Air sheets to put on all our beds ; and as for us, we'll all take up our lodging in the stable.

BRIDGET.

Be it so. I'll play my part, I warrant you.

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SCENE V.

MEADOWS, ADRIAN, HODGE, and
PHEBE.

MEADOWS.

AND I'll go put the hay up in some kind of order in the barn, and make a little room for those who may come hither, and require some shelter. All the fields, alas, are cover'd with them ! I imagine I still see them ! some struck speechless, gaze with absolute insensibility, while they behold their houses burning, or else fall down on the ground, fatigu'd and frighten'd ! Others run along like madmen, wring their hands, or pull their hair up by

130 *THE FIRE BY NIGHT.*

the roots, and uttering fearful cries, attempt to force their passage through a line of soldiers, who with bayonets keep them off, that they may save the sufferers' property from being plunder'd.

PHEBE.

O my poor dear Adrian! had you been there, they would have trod you under foot.

MEADOWS.

As soon as they bring back my horses, I'll go out again, and take up all the children, women, and old men I meet with. Had I been the poorest person in the village, this misfortune would have render'd me the richest: since the unhappy I shall suc-

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cour, will belong to me. (*He stoops to take the chest up.*)

HODGE.

Dear father, let me help you.

MEADOWS.

No, no : have a care ; 'tis far too heavy for your strength. Go rather, and bid Humphries heat the oven, and put all our kitchen things in order ; and let Carter know I want some flour sent in : these miserable people that are burnt out of their habitations shall at least find wherewithal to satisfy their wants ! Thank God ! I'm not so poor, that any one applying to my charity, should die for want of food. If I had nothing else, I'd give them my last bit of bread. (*He and Hodge go out.*)

SCENE VI.

ADRIAN and PHEBE.

PHEBE.

O *That* I'd share with you too, Adrian. Who alas! would have suppos'd, I should have ever seen you in your present situation!

ADRIAN,

Who indeed, my dearest Phebe? for 'tis very hard in one night to lose every thing.

PHEBE.

Be comforted, however, my dear friend; for don't you recollect, how happy we were once together here when we were less a great deal than

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present. Well, we'll be again as happy with each other. Do you fear you can want any thing, as long as I have any thing to give you?

ADRIAN, (*taking Phebe by the hand,*)

No, I don't indeed: but then, I thought it would have been my part to make you happy, get you a good husband, as Papa has often said in joke, and take care of your children, like my own.

PHEBE.

Well, now I must contrive to do all this myself; and when we love each other, 'tis exactly the same thing. I'll get you all the finest flowers I can make free with in our garden; and whatever fruit they'll let me gather. You shall also have my bed, and I'll

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sleep all night long upon the ground
beside you.

ADRIAN, (*embracing her,*)

O my dear, dear Phebe! how I
ought to love you!

PHEBE.

You shall see what care I'll take of
Constance likewise. I'll be always
with you both. We drank, I need
not tell you, the same milk; and is
not that, as if you were my brother,
pray, and I your sister?

ADRIAN.

Yes, and you shall always be my
sister, and I don't know which I shall
henceforward be most fond of, you or
Constance. I'll present you also to
Papa, that you may be his daughter;
but when think you, will he come?

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PHEBE.

Why, make yourself uneasy? you've been told he's safe.

ADRIAN.

But my Papa is just like your's; and who can tell but he'll go back and get into the flames to save some friend or other. I must therefore be uneasy till I see him once again. But hark ye! don't I hear a tread, on t'other side the hill? If it were only he!

SCENE VII.

ADRIAN, PHEBE, and GODFREY.

ADRIAN.

AH Godfrey!

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GODFREY.

Ah my little master ! you are safe then ?

ADRIAN.

Truly, there's great need to talk about my safety ! Where's Papa, Mama, and Constance ? Are they with you ?

GODFREY (*not knowing what to say,*)

With me ?

ADRIAN.

Yes, you have not left them sure behind ?

GODFREY.

Behind ? (*turning about*) they're not behind me.

ADRIAN.

They are not come with you, then ?

GODFREY.

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GODFREY.

Unless they're here, I don't know
where they are.

ADRIAN, (*impatiently,*)

You don't come here to seek them?
do you?

GODFREY, (*in confusion,*)

Don't be frighten'd, my dear little
master.—Are they not come hither?

PHEBE.

None but Adrian.

ADRIAN.

He's confounded, and has some
bad news to tell me!—They are lost,
even after all good Meadows' pains
to save them!

GODFREY.

Hear me.—There's no cause, at least

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I hope so, to alarm yourself. About an hour or forty minutes after they had forc'd me from you to assist the sufferers, I found means to get into the crowd.—Dear Master Adrian, don't however fright yourself; but so it is indeed.—I ran about the ruins to discover where my master was, but could not come at any tidings of him; no, nor yet my mistress, nor Miss Constance. I enquir'd of every one I met, if they had heard of such a family? but constantly was answer'd no.

ADRIAN.

O Heaven! take pity on me! dear Papa, Mama, and Constance, where where are you? perish'd doubtless!

THE FIRE BY NIGHT. 139

GODFREY.

I've not told you all yet ; but pray don't be frighten'd.—The worst part of the affair comes now.

ADRIAN.

What is it then ? Why don't you tell me, Godfrey ?

GODFREY.

How, in Heaven's name, would you have me tell you, if you let yourself be frighten'd in this manner ?

ADRIAN.

Speak ! pray Godfrey speak !

GODFREY.

Well then, the rumour was as follows : that a gentleman, a lady, and a little girl, were crush'd to death, when they were just got out of doors, and

140 THE FIRE BY NIGHT.

thought themselves in safety. (*Adrian swoons away.*)

PHEBE.

Help! help! help! Come here to our assistance, some one! Adrian's dying. (*She falls down by him.*)

GODFREY.

But what ails him then? I said this was but a report; and then, they could not tell me, who it was. It may be nothing after all.

PHEBE.

Why, how you talk! his fright at what you mentioned, overcame him, and he quite forgot my father had preserv'd them.

GODFREY, (*feeling Adrian's check,*)

O my poor dear little Adrian! he's as cold as any ice!

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PHEBE, (*half getting up,*)

And what could bring you here?

'Tis you have kill'd him!

GODFREY.

I?—And yet I'm sure you heard
me bid him not be frighten'd, (*he
raises him a little*), Master Adrian!
(*he lets him fall again.*)

PHEBE.

How you go to work!—Don't
touch him any more.—He'll die, if
he's not dead already, with such treat-
ment! O my dear dear brother Adri-
an! Father, Mother, Hodge?—Why,
where can they be got to? (*She runs in
doors for help.*)

GODFREY, (*leaning over Adrian,*)

No, no, he's not dead: he breathes

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a little. Were he dead, I'd go and fling myself this moment into the first pond I came to.—(He calls out) Adrian! Master Adrian!—If I knew but how to bring him to himself! (he blows on Adrian's face.)

This blowing tries my lungs!—

'Twas very foolish, I must own, in me, to tell him what I did; but much more so in him, to pay attention to it: and particularly when I bid him not be frighten'd.—Could I possibly speak plainer?—Adrian! Adrian then!—He does not hear me.—

When my dear wife died, I took on very sadly for her; but to die on that account, would have been very silly! Adrian! Adrian! What had I but to do? He does not seem as if he would

THE FIRE BY NIGHT. 143

recover. Ah, I see a pump—I'll therefore go and fill my hat with water.—Half a dozen sprinklings very possibly may have a good effect upon him. (*As he's coming back to Adrian, Mr. Vernon enters, leading Mrs. Vernon in and Constance. Godfrey drops his hat, and runs away.*)

GODFREY.

Heaven forgive me! should he find him dead, I don't know what he'll do! For my part, I am dead with fear already.

MR. VERNON.

Was not that our Godfrey?—Godfrey, what's the matter, and where's Adrian?

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Mrs. VERNON.

Sure he ran away, as if afraid of meeting with us. Where can he have left him?

CONSTANCE, (*seeing Adrian on the ground,*)

What's this here? A child? (*sloping down*) O Heaven! my brother! and he's dead!

Mrs. VERNON, (*falling down by Adrian,*)

How Constance! Adrian?—Yes indeed, help! help!

Mr. VERNON.

Was this misfortune wanting after all? (*examining the body.*) But 'he's not dead!—Thank Heaven, we're better off than that.—He breathes a little.—My dear life, (*to Mrs. Vernon*)

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non), as Adrian needs assistance, keep your strength that he may have it.

Mrs. VERNON, (*nearly swooning,*)

Adrian! Adrian!

CONSTANCE.

Ah my poor dear brother! would to Heaven, the flames had rather took all from us! (*Mr. Vernon raises Mrs. Vernon, and brings Adrian to her.*)

Mr. VERNON.

There's no time to lose.—Have you your salts about you?

Mrs. VERNON.

I can't tell; I'm in so great an agitation. After so much fear and But 'he's fright, here's one still greater. I would n, we're part with all that's left us for a draft of reathes a water. (*Mr. Vernon sees the pump, Mrs. Ver and hastens to it.*)

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CONSTANCE, (*feeling in her mother's pocket,*)

Here's your *sal volatile*, Mama, (*while the salts are using,*) Hear, hear, hear me, Adrian, and look up; or I shall die with grief. (*He comes a little to himself.*) O Heavens, he breathes! (*She runs to her Papa.*) Come, come, Papa; come quickly; come and see him. (*Mr. Vernon brings a little water in the hollow of his hand, and throws it on his face.*)

ADRIAN, (*sighing bitterly,*)

Oh! oh! oh! Papa! Papa!

MR. VERNON.

He supposes I am dead: that block-head Godfrey must have frighten'd him.

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CONSTANCE, (*in transport,*)

See! see! his eyes begin to open!

Mr. VERNON.

My dear fellow, don't you know us?

Mrs. VERNON.

Adrian! Adrian!

CONSTANCE.

Brother!

ADRIAN, (*looking round him,*)

Am I dead or living? or where
am I? (*He sits up in Mrs. Vernon's lap.*)
Ah my dear Mama!

Mrs. VERNON.

My child! and have we brought
you back to life!

ADRIAN, (*turning to his father,*)

Papa too!

CONSTANCE, (*embracing him,*)

My dear Adrian! my sweet bro-

148 *THE FIRE BY NIGHT.*

ther! I'm alive again, now you are.

ADRIAN.

O what joy to see you thus again,
dear sister! (*he turns to his mother,*)
It was your sweet voice, Mama, that
brought me back to life.

Mr. VERNON, (*to Mrs. Vernon.*)

My dear, I was lamenting our mis-
fortune, just before; but now dis-
cover there was more a great deal to
be lost than goods and such things.

Mrs. VERNON.

Let's not think a moment more
about them.

Mr. VERNON.

'Tis but to rejoice, that in reality
they are so trifling. I behold you all
three safe, and can have nothing to
disturb me.

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CONSTANCE.

But what brought you, brother, into such a situation ?

ADRIAN.

Would you think it ?—Godfrey.

Mr. VERNON.

There, I said so !

ADRIAN.

Why he told me, you had all three
perish'd in the flames.

CONSTANCE, (*looking towards the hill,*)

Ah, there he is, Papa ; above there.

*They all look up, and Godfrey draws
his head in.*)

Mr. VERNON.

Godfrey ! Godfrey !—He's afraid

to answer me ; so call him, Adrian,

—

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ADRIAN.

Godfrey!—Don't be fearful, but come down and show yourself.—I'm living.

GODFREY, (*on the hill,*)

Are you sure of that?

ADRIAN.

I think so: did you ever hear a dead man speak?

GODFREY, (*coming down, but stopping on a sudden,*)

You don't intend, I hope, sir, to discharge me: if you do, I need not be at so much trouble to come on.

Mr. VERNON.

See, simpleton, the consequence of speaking without thought.

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Mrs. VERNON,

A little more, and you had been
the death of Adrian.

ADRIAN.

Pray, Mama, forgive him : it was
not his fault.

GODFREY.

No, certainly. I bid him not be
frighten'd. (*Adrian holds out his
band.*) I'm however glad you don't
intend me any harm ; and for the
future, I'll think no one dead, till such
time as I see him ten feet under
ground, and fairly buried.

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SCENE (*the last.*)

ADRIAN, Mr. and Mrs. VERNON,
CONSTANCE, MEADOWS, BRID-
GET, HODGE, and PHEBE.

MEADOWS, (*running in,*)

O The wretch! where is he?

PHEBE, (*showing Godfrey,*)

Look ye, father, here. (*Godfrey
sinks behind his master.*)

MEADOWS.

Who's this? (*Phebe and Hodge
run towards Adrian, who presents
them both to Constance; the farmer
bows to Mr. Vernon.*)

Mr.

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Mr. VERNON, (*raising him;*)

My friend! what means this humble attitude? With such respect to bow before me! my preserver! and not only mine, but all my family's!

MEADOWS.

Yes sir, it is another obligation you have laid upon me. I have had the opportunity of showing you my gratitude, for all your favours.

Mr. VERNON.

You have done much more for me, than ever I did yet for you, and more than I shall ever have it in my power to do.

MEADOWS.

What say you, sir? The service of a moment only. I, upon the other hand, have liv'd these eight years past

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by virtue of your bounty. You observe these fields, this farm: from you, I had them. You have lost your all: permit me therefore to return them. 'Twill be happiness enough for me, that I shall always have it in my power to say, I have not been ungrateful to my benefactor.

MR. VERNON.

Well then, my good friend, I *do* permit you to return them; but on this proviso, to enrich you with much better. You have luckily for me, preserv'd my strong box that had all my writings in it; and those writings are the best part of my fortune; so that 'tis to you I owe my fortune. Having now no house in London, I'll go down into the country, whither

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you shall follow me, and we will fix our habitation at a seat I have in Norfolk. All your children shall be mine.

ADRIAN.

Ah dear Papa, I meant to beg as much. See, here's my sister Phebe, and here's Hodge my brother. If you knew the love and friendship they have shewn me! Possibly I might have now been dead, but for their kindness.

Mrs. VERNON, (*grasping Bridget's hand,*)

We'll be henceforth but one family. And all our happiness shall be in loving one another, like relations.

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BRIDGET.

In the mean time, enter and repose yourselves. Excuse us, if we do not give you the accommodations in our cottage we could certainly have wish'd to do.

MEADOWS, (*looking towards the hills*.)

I see my cart sir, and a number of poor people following. Will you give me leave to go and offer them the service they're so much in need of?

Mr. VERNON.

I'll go with you, and console them likewise. I am too much interested in the melancholy accident that has distress'd them, though a far less sufferer by it.—Less? I should have said no sufferer, but a gainer; for the

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day which I conceiv'd, at first, so miserable, gives me back much more than I have lost. It gives me, in return for such things, as with money I can purchase, what is far beyond the value of all money ;—a new family and friends, that shall be henceforth precious to my heart.

End of Vol. XI.

